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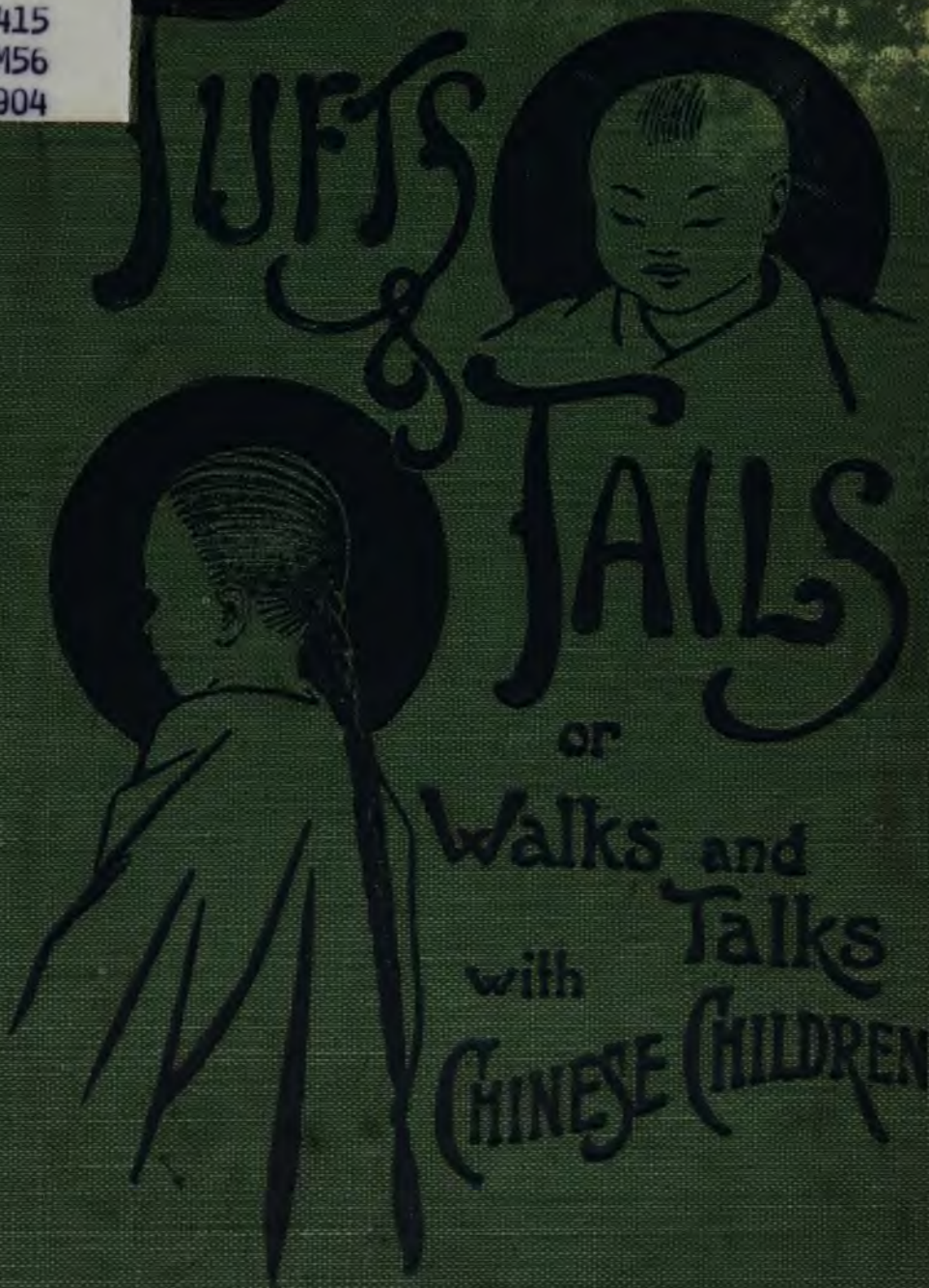
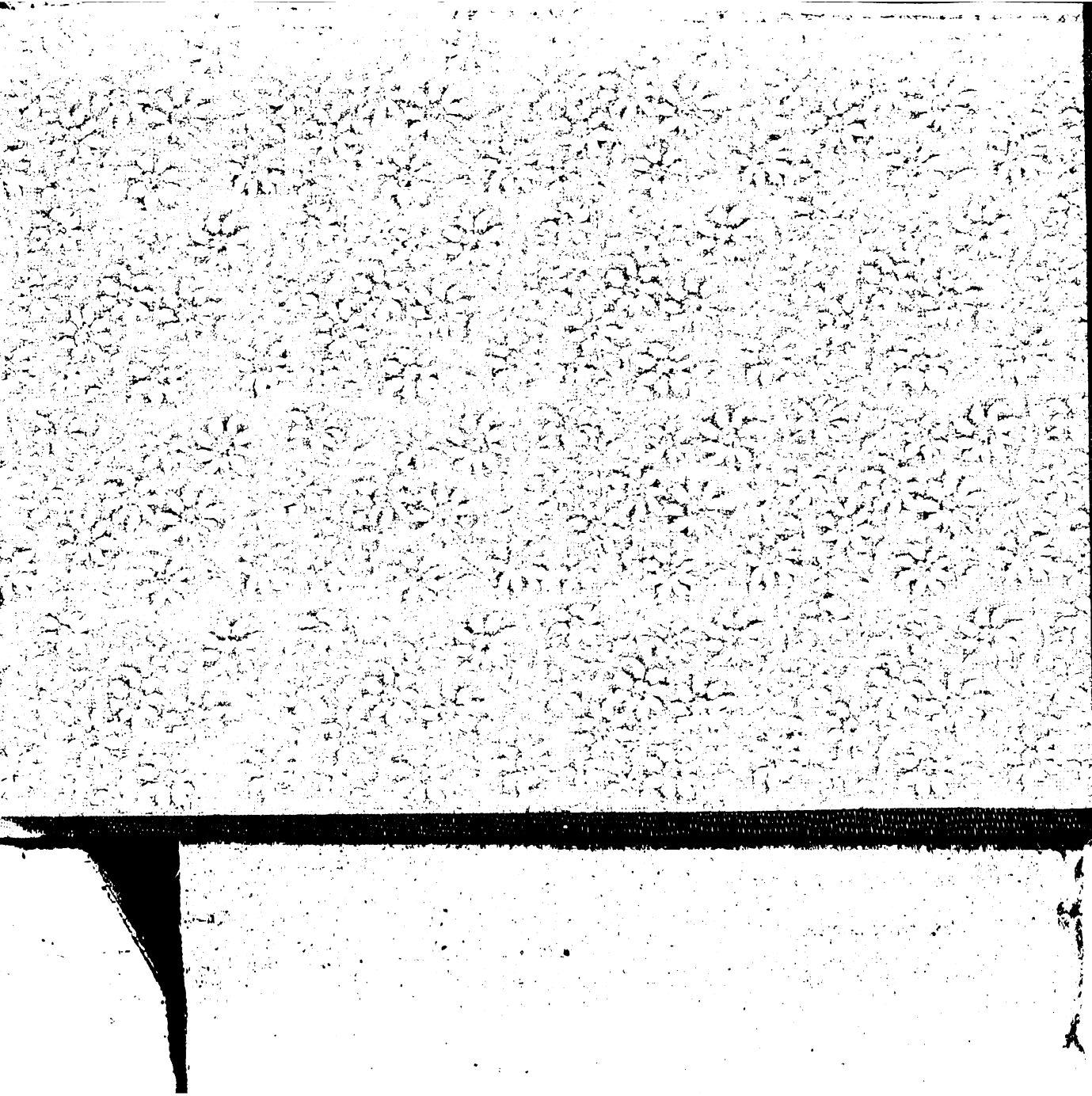
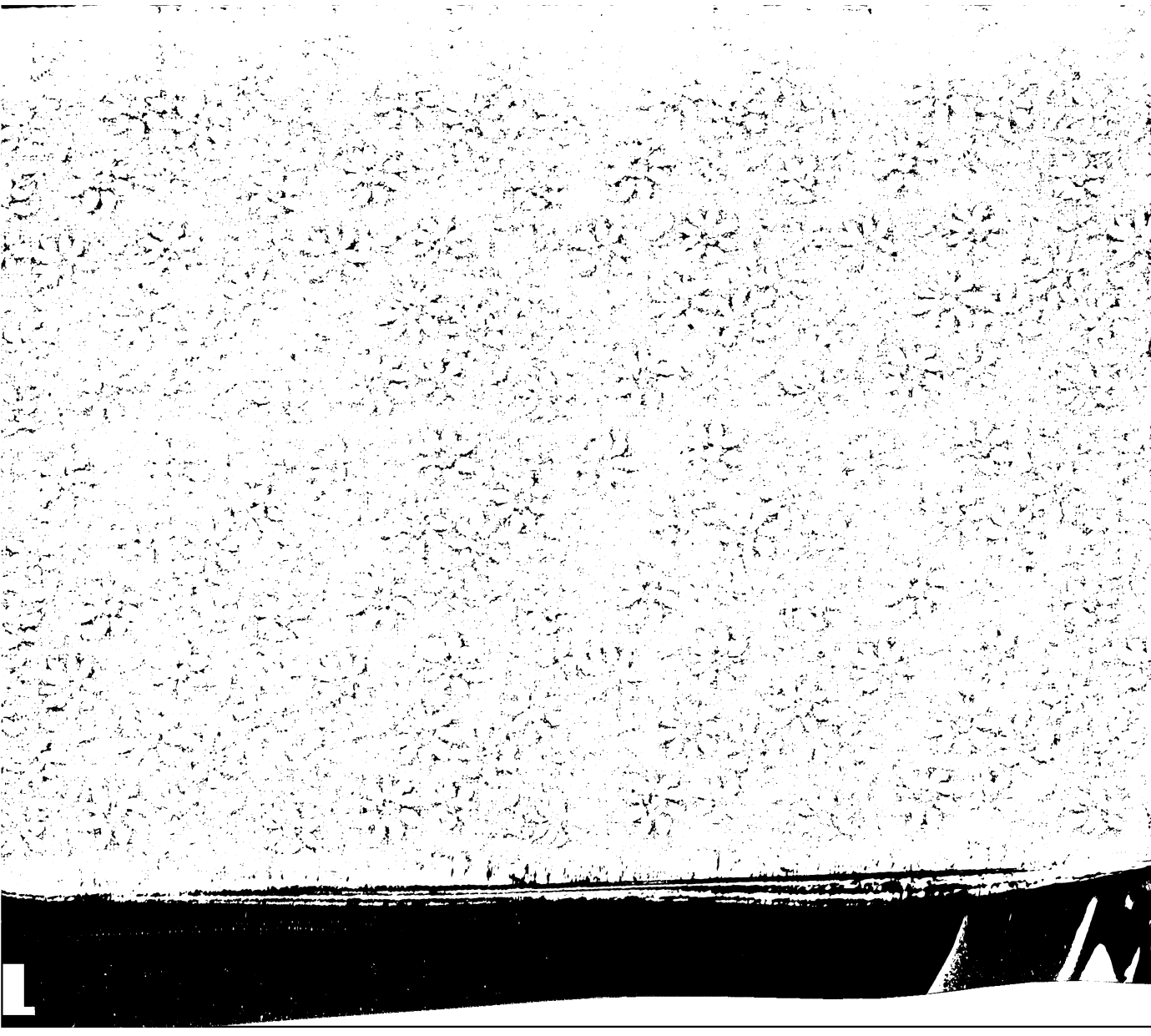
Tufts & Tails

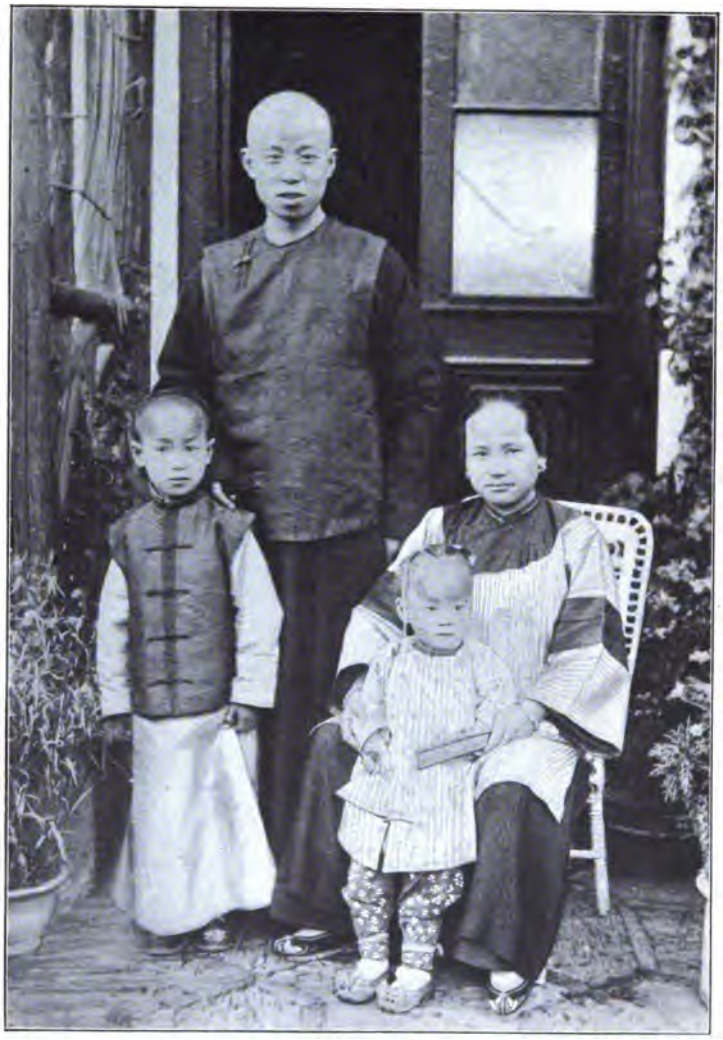
or

Walks and Talks with Chinese Children









A CATECHIST AND HIS FAMILY, SHANGHAI.

Tufts and Tails;

OR,

Walks and Talks with Chinese Children.

BY THE VEN.

ARCHDEACON MOULE,

OF MID CHINA.

WITH

PREFACE

BY THE

BISHOP OF DURHAM.

London:

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY,

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1903.—*First Impression*, 5,000 *copies.*
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IT is great pleasure to me to be allowed to write a preface to TUFTS AND TAILS.

Even if I knew nothing of the writer I am sure that I should like the book, and be delighted to invite other people to read it. From the first page to the last it is as bright and interesting and useful as any one could wish a missionary book to be. I have known many things about China for many years; but TUFTS AND TAILS has taught me scores of things which I did not know before. More still, it has made me seem *to see* things about which I had heard and read. It has described them so brightly, and so much in the way which makes the scenes look living, that I feel as if many old thoughts about China have become quite new.

With all my heart I hope that a host of readers will find the same pleasure in TUFTS AND TAILS that I have found. And may their pleasure bear fruit. May they learn early to care for, and love, and pray for that wonderful China. May they take the counsel which the book gives at the end, as to ways of helping on God's work in China. May some of them have the happy privilege of being missionaries of the Lord Jesus in China themselves.

But if the book delighted me for its own sake, how much that delight was increased when I thought who had written it! The author is one of two very dear elder brothers of

mine, my examples in the Lord, who have devoted their lives to China. When I was a Cambridge undergraduate in 1861, Archdeacon Moule (as he now is) went out to the East, in a sailing ship, round the Cape, taking months on the way, and passing through some terrible storms. From that time to this, forty-two years, he has never ceased to love China, and to long and labour for the salvation of the Chinese. Ten years ago ill-health forced him to return home, and there seemed little hope of his going back to his beloved old field. But it pleased God at length, in answer to prayer, to restore him. And then nothing would satisfy his heart but to go back again to China. He and his dear wife are there now, with hearts as full of zeal and faith as ever, so happy to be again amongst the Chinese men and women, and boys and girls, whom they love so well.

So with a brother's love I wish this beautiful little book and its message all success and blessing.

HANDLEY MOULE,
BISHOP OF DURHAM.

Auckland Castle,
July 6th, 1903.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	TITLE.	PAGE
I.	A MISSIONARY: WHAT DOES THAT MEAN? THE HEATHEN: WHO ARE THEY?	1
II.	THE GREAT DARK HUNGRY WORLD	6
III.	GODS MANY AND LORDS MANY	11
IV.	GOING TO SCHOOL IN CHINA	19
V.	"HEAL THE SICK"	31
VI.	A WALK IN THE STREETS	42
VII.	A WALK INTO THE COUNTRY	55
VIII.	WHAT CAN WE DO?	69

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
A Catechist and his Family, Shanghai *Frontispiece*	
The River Jordan	2
The Lake of Galilee	4
Eating Rice	6
School-girls at Dinner	7
Black Faces and Curly Hair	8
A Chinese Boy with Tails of Hair	8
A Chinese Razor	9
Kite-flying in China	9
A Happy English Child in Bed	10
Canal through a Chinese City	11
A Mandarin with his Sons	12
Halls where Chinese Examinations are Held	13
Chinese Girls	13
Two Ugly Idols	14
A Big Chinese Idol	15
A Heathen Temple	16
Chinese School-children	16
A Heathen Altar in a Chinese Home	17
A Christian Mother and Child	18
A Little School-boy	19
Some Little School-children	20
The Master's Spectacles	20
A Street in a Chinese Town	21
A Pupil's First Morning at School	22
Repeating his Lessons	23
Mission-school Boys with their Christian Master	24
Chinese Christian Girls	25
Girls leaving School	26
A Scripture Lesson	27
Learning to Write	28
Mission College Students	29
Three Chinese Clergymen	30
A Leper Woman	31
A Mission Hospital	32
"Stumpy" with her School Friend	33
Shanghai Sowers' Band Cot	34
A Hospital Patient	34
Interior of Gertrude Smyth Memorial Ward, Ningpo	35
Three Old Women Patients	36
Three Leper Children	37
People with all kinds of Pains	38
A Hospital Mission Service	39
Where the Medicine is given out	40
An Old Chinaman	42
Chinese Sedan Chairs	42
A Chinese Street Scene	43
A Man carrying Wood	44
A Man resting with his Loads of Food	45
Counting Cash	46
A Ride on a Wheelbarrow	46
A Cake-shop	47
A Shoemaker	48
An Ancestral Hall, showing Tablets	49
Ancestral Worship	50
The Grave of a Rich Family	51
Courtyard of a Chinese House	52
A Chinese Family Group	53
A Chinese Boy	54
Outside the City Wall	55
A Mission Bookshop and Preaching-place	56
Bridge over a Creek, Shanghai	57
A City Gateway	58
Country Cottages in China	59
A Rice-field	60
A View in the Country	61
A Village Street	62
Crowd of Chinese in a Country Town	63
Yard outside a Chinese House	64
A River-side Village	65
A Talk by the Wayside	66
On the Banks of a River	67
Along a Country Road	68
The Rev. Henry Martyn	70
Bishop Hannington	70
Bishop Horden	71
Bishop French	71
Mr. A. M. Mackay	71

MISCELLANEOUS:—1, 6, 19, 55, 69, 72

TUFTS AND TAILS.

CHAPTER I.

A MISSIONARY: WHAT DOES THAT MEAN? THE HEATHEN: WHO ARE THEY?

I HAVE read in the Bible about a little girl who must have been very sad; and I daresay she cried very much when she was alone, though perhaps she did not dare to cry when other people were looking at her. She was a slave; carried away from her happy home in the land of Israel by the Syrians, and now, with no dear father or mother and brothers and sisters near her, she had to wait on the wife of Naaman, the general of the Syrian army.

Was she angry and cross with her master and mistress, do you think? How cruel to drag her away from her mother's side, and from her dear home! But see, her master, Naaman, is very ill! The little slave-girl can see this. He

THE RIVER JORDAN.

has a dreadful disease called leprosy, which no doctor can cure. Is she glad? Does she say to herself, "Well, it serves him right for being so unkind to me! *I* know some one who could cure him; our own prophet Elisha can do it, because he serves the true God. But I will not tell Naaman my master; he does not deserve any pity." Is *this* what the little girl said and thought? No, she forgot all about herself and her own sadness, and she at once told her mistress about Elisha. And so it came to pass that, through the words of this loving little girl, Naaman actually went to Elisha at last, and having been sent by him to bathe in the river Jordan, was made quite well; and we hope that his soul also was saved through God's mercy.

But if the little girl had said nothing, Naaman would have died without hope, and through *her* fault.

Why was this story written in the Bible? One reason was, I think, to teach boys and girls in England now, that as *they* know about the Lord Jesus Christ Who can not only make the leper well but can save sinners and forgive all their sins, they *must* tell about Him to every one whom they can reach. And now by missionary societies people in all heathen lands can be reached and spoken to. A "Missionary" means some one who is sent to do something or to take a message. And the missionaries I am telling you about are those who are sent to tell people far off in other lands about the Lord Jesus. You dear children who read this book cannot go yourselves while you are boys and girls, but you can help these missionary societies—some of you by saving money, or earning money and giving it towards the support of missionaries who *can* go, some of you by talking to other children and telling them about this work, and *all* of you by prayer, if you ask the Holy Spirit to help and teach you when you pray.

But what do I mean by this strange word "*heathen*" lands? Well, it really means those parts of the great earth where the poor people live far off from God "out in the highways and hedges," as the Lord Jesus says in one of His parables. They have "no hope" because they are "without God in the world," as St. Paul tells us. They have gods many and lords many, but these are all false gods, or dead men whom they worship as God. They have left their Heavenly Father's house; they have wandered from God, following Satan into the paths of sin; and now they are lost in the dark cold night on the great wide heath, and they cannot find their way home; they have no lantern or torch to guide them.

These are the Heathen whom you Christian children ought to pity and try to help.

There is another story I want to tell you from the Bible, and this one is from the New Testament, as my first story was from the Old Testament. There was once a boy on the hillside near the Lake of Galilee. He had in his basket five barley loaves and two little fishes. I daresay he had his father and mother and brothers and sisters, and perhaps other relatives with him also, for almost every one then was running about trying to see the Lord Jesus. I suppose these loaves and fishes were just enough for the family. But the boy heard that the Lord Jesus was near, that He had asked all

THE LAKE OF GALILEE.

the people, five thousand and more, to stay and eat, and that He wanted those loaves and fishes to give to them. What did the boy do, I wonder? Did he say, "I must give some food first to my father and mother and friends"? or did he say, "What are these among so many? What good will *my* bread and fish do to five thousand people?" No, he gave all to the disciples for the use of the Lord Jesus; and see what a wonderful thing happened. "They did *all* eat and were filled." The lad and his friends *all* had plenty to eat. They did not lose a crumb by giving all to Jesus. And besides this, all the five thousand men, besides the women and children, had plenty to eat as well. If the boy had said, "No," and had walked away with his basket, he would have done a very wrong and foolish thing. He would have done all *he* could to starve the hungry people, and he would have lost the Saviour's blessing.

And why was *this* story written in the Bible? I think this also was written to teach a lesson to boys and girls in Christian England. You have the blessed Bible, and the good news of salvation through the Lord Jesus, Who calls Himself the Bread of Life. Now it is *He* Who tells us to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. We must not say that we cannot spare any money, or time, or people for work in heathen lands. That would be like trying to keep the poor people of India, and China, and Africa out of Heaven, and we shall lose God's blessing for ourselves as well.

But if we do what we can to help this great missionary work, God will give us rich blessing at home, and He will use what we offer to Him for the good of the great hungry world.

CHAPTER II.

THE GREAT DARK HUNGRY WORLD.

THINK of the title of this chapter, and you may say to yourself, but is the world so hungry, after all? Cannot black, and red, and yellow children in Africa, and North-West Canada, and India, and China, be just as happy and get on just as well as children in England? God gives to heathen nations as well as to us "rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling their hearts with food and gladness." God's great earth provides all kinds of things to eat.

Chinese children do not care for our bread and butter; but they have rice which they eat with two little sticks called chopsticks. They hold both sticks in one hand, and with the other hand they lift up a basin of rice; and perhaps there will be two or three other basins near with bits of cabbage or small slices of pork or fish in them, and these

EATING RICE.

SCHOOL-GIRLS AT DINNER.

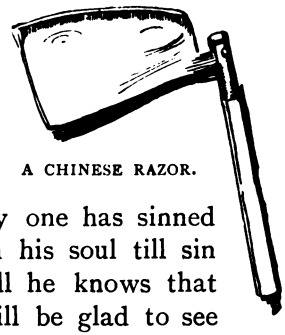
they pick out with the chopsticks. Even tiny children, three or four years old, will take these chopsticks in their little hands, and make their points shut together like scissors, and so they pick up a grain of rice, or a bean, or a bit of cabbage quite cleverly. Children of India eat rice also, and mix curry with it. They have no knives and forks, and no chopsticks even. They use their small fingers instead; and they have leaves for plates and saucers. In all the great lands of the great world, Africa, India, China, Japan, Persia, North-West Canada, God cares for the children. Why! not a sparrow falls to the ground without our Father in Heaven! And children with black faces and curly hair, like the African children whom you see

in one of the pictures; or with brown faces, like the Chinese boys and girls, who have little round shaven heads and two little tufts of hair on either side, which their mothers twist into little tails when they grow long enough—these children can laugh, and skip about, and play like English boys and girls. They do not play cricket, indeed, or croquet, or tennis, or football; but they fly kites, and play at marbles, and hop, skip, and jump; and they run races, and like to watch Punch and Judy shows.

BLACK FACES AND CURLY HAIR (see p. 7).

A CHINESE BOY WITH TAILS OF HAIR.

What, then, do I mean by the boys and girls in heathen lands being



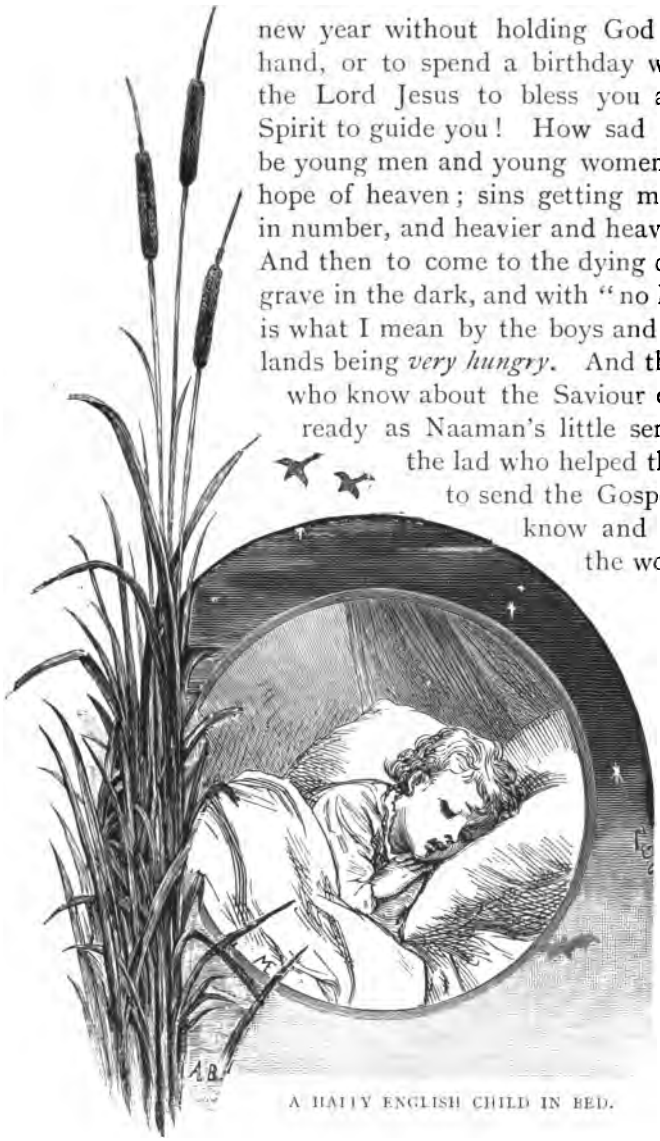
A CHINESE RAZOR.

hungry and sad? I will tell you. Just as your bodies would be weak and ill without any food, and cold and sad without a home to live in and a warm bed to sleep in, so do your *souls* want food, and clothing, and a home, and a safe place to live in. And as every one has sinned against God, no one can be happy in his soul till sin is forgiven and washed away, and till he knows that heaven is his home, and that God will be glad to see him there. Now, we know well that the Lord Jesus Christ alone can forgive sin and save our souls and open the door of heaven. And the children of India and China and Africa have never heard of Him.

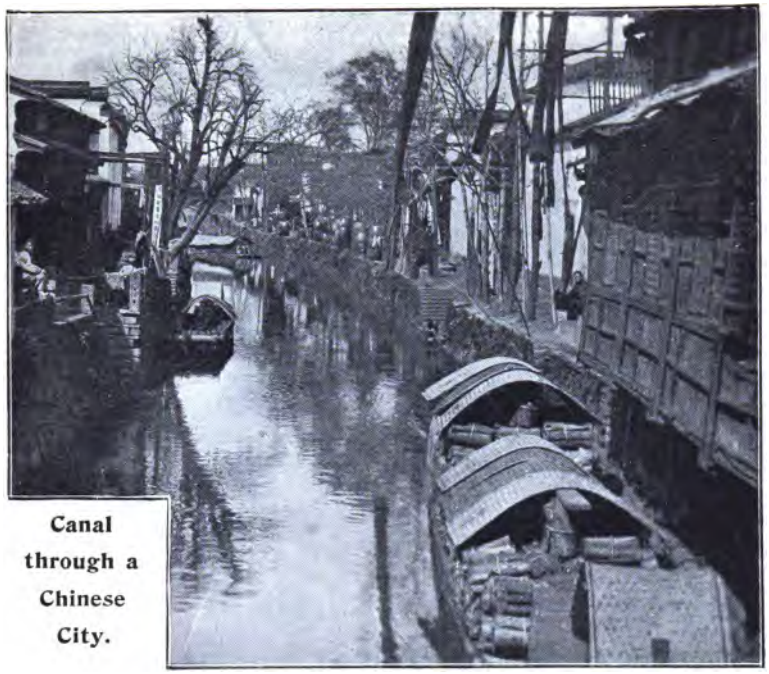
KITE-FLYING IN CHINA.

Think of children who know nothing about happy Christmas Day, or about sad but blessed Good Friday, or about glad Easter Day; or about the Lord Jesus going up to heaven to prepare a place for them; and have never heard a word about the Holy Spirit of God, the Comforter, who comes in mercy to change our hearts and prepare us for heaven. Oh! how sad to begin a

new year without holding God our Father's hand, or to spend a birthday without asking the Lord Jesus to bless you and the Holy Spirit to guide you! How sad to grow up to be young men and young women without any hope of heaven; sins getting more and more in number, and heavier and heavier every day! And then to come to the dying day and to the grave in the dark, and with "no hope"! This is what I mean by the boys and girls of other lands being *very hungry*. And this is why we who know about the Saviour ought to be as ready as Naaman's little servant girl, and the lad who helped the Lord Jesus, to send the Gospel which they know and prize all over the world.



A HAITY ENGLISH CHILD IN BED.



Canal through a Chinese City.

CHAPTER III.

GODS MANY AND LORDS MANY.

BUT perhaps you will ask me whether these children in other lands have no churches or schools to go to, and no God Whom they are taught to worship. They have no Sunday-schools certainly, for they have no Sunday. Is not that sad? Their poor fathers and mothers go on working all the year round, with no Saturday half-holiday, no quiet Sunday rest, and no time to prepare for heaven. They have day-schools, especially in China, where little boys and big boys are taught to read and to write; and if they are clever they can go in for public examinations and become

mandarins or great officers. But they learn nothing there about the forgiveness of sins and the way to God's Holy House in heaven.

The little girls in China have no schools except those which have been opened by missionaries. I shall tell you more about these schools presently. But now as to their churches. Well, they have idol temples, but no churches, and in these temples they have no happy services, with hymns sung to God and prayer offered in the name of the Lord Jesus, and the Holy Bible read and explained. Their mothers take the little ones sometimes to the temples, and teach them to worship the great images sitting there, made of wood and stone and mud and painted with different colours. Some of these idols have quiet, solemn faces, but some of them are very ugly and look very angry.

A MANDARIN WITH HIS SONS.

HALLS WHERE CHINESE EXAMINATIONS ARE HELD.

A missionary was once standing inside one of these temples to see the idols, when the door opened and in came a party of Chinese—an old grandmother, and the mother, and three little boys—all finely dressed. When they had walked up the temple

CHINESE GIRLS.

TWO UGLY IDOLS.

some way and were drawing near the idols the two elder boys, aged nine and seven, ran forward and bowed down to the images, knocking their heads on the pavement, as the Chinese do when they worship. But the youngest boy, only four years old, had never been there before, and he was dreadfully frightened when he saw the great idols, and ran back screaming to his mother and grandmother. They scolded him and shook him and dragged him on, saying that he was a naughty boy not to worship the gods. At last they made him kneel down and knock his little head, though he cried all the time, and just when it was over his mother, who had some sugar-plums up her sleeve, let them drop out for the little boy to eat. He smiled and picked them up, and she cried, "See how kind

A BIG CHINESE IDOL.

A HEATHEN TEMPLE.

the idol is to send you these sweets because you are a good boy." And the next time the little boy came to the temple he was not at all afraid, because he expected to get more sugar-plums. Was it not sad that his own mother should tell an untruth so as to teach her little boy to worship?

The Chinese have no family prayers, but they have images or pictures of their false gods in their homes.

CHINESE SCHOOL-CHILDREN.

There is the kitchen god, who is supposed to listen to all that the people say in the house, and to go up to heaven at the end of each year to tell the greater gods what he has

A HEATHEN ALTAR IN A CHINESE HOME.

heard. Then there is a god for the front door, and a god who is supposed to help people who have smallpox, and another who will give you long life. Sometimes thieves and robbers, and pirates, who are sea robbers, go to ask for help from their false gods before they start on their wicked journeys.

Is not this a sad change from our happy land, and sadly different from what you all know about our Father, Friend, and Saviour, the great and blessed God in heaven, to Whom we can all pray through the dear Lord Jesus, taught by the blessed Spirit of God?

A CHRISTIAN MOTHER AND CHILD.

CHAPTER IV.

GOING TO SCHOOL IN CHINA.

WOULD you like to walk to school with a little Chinese boy? Here he is standing at the house door ready to start; but not very happy, I think, as he does not quite know how he will get on at school, and it is his first day there. His mother has dressed the little fellow neatly, and has washed his face. He has a round cap on his head with a red cord top-knot to it; and his hair hangs down below it in a little tail. Under his arm he carries his school-books wrapped carefully up in a handkerchief; and if it is likely to rain he takes his Chinese umbrella with him, made of oiled paper painted green and with a bamboo handle. If it is hot weather he carries a fan in his hand.

A LITTLE SCHOOL-BOY.

Now we have reached the school door, after picking our way through the puddles and over loose stones in the wet streets. Sometimes the day-school is kept in a room close to one of the idol temples I told you about in the last chapter.

Now watch your little friend as he goes

SOME LITTLE SCHOOL-CHILDREN.

up to see the schoolmaster. He is only six years old, and very small, and he looks rather frightened at the old gentleman who stares at him through his great goggle spectacles. Then he bows down very low and almost worships the schoolmaster, folding his hands in front, and then lifting them up to his forehead (see picture on page 22), and then he knocks his head on the floor to show his reverence. After this he bows down before a tablet of Confucius, the great Chinese teacher, who lived 2,400 years ago, and taught the Chinese many wise sayings, but could tell them nothing about the saving of the soul and the way to heaven.

Then the little fellow sits down on a high stool, and the schoolmaster puts three or four square pieces of red paper before him with a word on each square. But how strangely these words are written! I do not see any letters, only strokes, and dots, and twists, and curves! Well, the fact is that the Chinese

THE MASTER'S SPECTACLES.

A STREET IN A CHINESE TOWN.

A PUPIL'S FIRST MORNING AT SCHOOL (*see page* 20).
(From a Chinese Drawing.)

have no A B C, no alphabet like ours, with twenty-six letters. Instead of these they have a new shape or picture for every word, and this poor little boy will have to learn 2,000 or 3,000 before he can read books, and many more

than that as he goes on. The schoolmaster tells him the sound of each word, and tells him to look carefully at each picture, and so all the morning the little boy sits on his stool, shouting out the sounds and staring at the red papers; and then he comes up to the schoolmaster to repeat his lesson, standing with his back to the master and swaying about from one foot to the other. If he makes many

SAYING HIS LESSONS.

mistakes, he may get a stroke from the master's bamboo rod.

In the afternoon the little boy comes to school again and spends the time in trying to trace some of these pictures on thin paper spread over a copy. He writes with a Chinese pencil, or rather stiff painting brush, dipped in Indian ink, and this pencil is held straight upright from the paper, not like our pens and pencils sloping and slanting away. So he goes on from day to day and from year to year. It is long before he understands the meaning of what he is learning. If he is to go into business he leaves school when he is about twelve or fourteen. If he is to be a

MISSION-SCHOOL BOYS WITH THEIR CHRISTIAN MASTER.

CHINESE CHRISTIAN GIRLS.

GIRLS LEAVING SCHOOL.
(*Girls on left bowing to teacher.*)

scholar he stays on till he can go in for the public examination. But all that he learns from the first day to the last of his school-life cannot save his soul.

We have now in China very many schools and colleges where girls as well as boys are taught, and where they learn about the Lord Jesus and His love, as well as being taught to read and write and to do sums and geography and other useful knowledge. At one of our Chinese schools the little girls all came from heathen homes, but we hope that several of them learnt to love and to believe in the Lord Jesus. None of them were more

than twelve years old, and yet three or four of them had such good memories that they could repeat to me the whole of the Gospels according to St. Matthew, and St. Mark, and St. Luke, and St. John quite perfectly,

A SCRIPTURE LESSON.

and answered very nicely when I asked them questions about the Gospel stories.

There was a little girl once in an American Mission school at Shanghai who had learned to love the Saviour. She had smallpox, and died; but when she was dying she was so happy at the thought of going to be with the Lord Jesus, and she spoke so lovingly to her heathen father and mother who were watching her. "Don't cry for me, mother," she said; "I am not afraid to die. I am going to be with Jesus. I have heard about Him at our school." They were so much moved by their little girl's words and happy death, that they determined to be Christians, and they were soon after baptized, and will, we trust, by the Holy Spirit's

LEARNING TO WRITE.

MISSION COLLEGE STUDENTS.

gracious help, safely reach the happy Home where their little girl is living now.

In another mission school we had a little scholar once who seemed very dull and did not get on very well with her lessons. But she was very obedient and well-behaved. One day she did not come to school, and the next day, and the next. And then the Chinese schoolmistress went to the house to ask about her. After some time the schoolmistress came back crying. She found that our little scholar had died from measles. Her poor mother was very sad; but she told us one thing which made us very happy. She said that her little girl kept talking and singing as she was dying. The poor woman said that she could not under-

stand well; but her little girl seemed to be talking about some one called Jesus. And what do you think she sang as she passed away? It was the hymn which you know well, and which we have translated into Chinese, "There is a happy land, far, far away." We have good hope that that dear little girl has gone to that happy land through the mercy of the Lord Jesus of Whom she had so often heard in our little school.

In our large schools and colleges Chinese Christians are being taught and trained to teach others, and very many are working now as catechists and school-teachers and Bible-women, or as ordained clergymen in China.

THREE CHINESE CLERGYMEN.

CHAPTER V.

"HEAL THE SICK."

A LEPER WOMAN.

EVERY one, I suppose, knows what a hospital is. It is a home in which sick men and women and children are taken care of, and are seen every day by the doctor, and are nursed till through God's mercy they get well. Then in happy England there are other houses, by the seaside or in the fresh country, called "Convalescent Homes"—houses for those who are getting well, where little weak children or other people who have been nearly cured in the hospitals can have quiet, happy days, looking at the blue sea or the fresh fields, and enjoying the sweet air before they go back to their homes and work again.

Well, in heathen lands there are hardly any hospitals at all. It is the Christian religion which teaches people to care for the bodies as well as for the souls of men. If a poor man tumbles down, or breaks his leg in far-off China or India, or Africa, or if a little girl has a bad burn or scald

A MISSION HOSPITAL.

from the boiling kettle turning over, or from her frock catching fire, the poor people have no hospitals to run to, and their doctors do not know how to cure a broken leg or arm. Many of our missionaries now are doctors, and they open hospitals for the Heathen; and very many sick people who have come to these hospitals to have their bodies made well have learnt to love and to trust the Lord Jesus, Who can cure their souls and give them life for ever in Heaven. Oh! what a change it is for a sick Chinese child to be taken from a dark, cold cottage, and to lie in a nice clean bed in the hospital, and to see the kind doctor come in, and smile, and pat him on the head; and then the doctor's wife comes in, or some other ladies who help in the

nursing or who read to the sick people, and sometimes they bring the children toys to play with when they are getting better. Did you ever hear of the poor little girl in the Island of Hong Kong, who some years ago met a tiger on the hillside, and her hands were bitten off by the fierce beast? She must have died but for the hospital to which she was carried. There her wounds were dressed, and she was gently and kindly nursed. When better she was taken to a mission-school, and has there not only learnt about the Lord Jesus and His salvation, but knows how to read and even how to write by holding a pen between her crippled arms. At school she is called

"STUMPY" WITH HER SCHOOL FRIEND.

(1) SHANGHAI SOWERS' BAND COT.
(2) A HOSPITAL PATIENT.

"Stumpy," but her proper name is A Fung. The photograph of "Stumpy" with a school friend, which you see on page 33, was taken soon after she went to the school.

If you were to go into some of our mission hospitals in India and China, you would see hung up over the beds the names of kind friends who pay for them and who pray for them. The cost of a bed for a sick person for one year is

about five pounds in China, and ten pounds in India. Here you see a cot called "Henry and Alice Thorne." Here is another, "In memory of a dear sister." Here is another, "The Shanghai Sowers' Band Cot." I must tell you presently something about these Sowers' Bands. Perhaps some of you would like to join with other children and try to raise enough money every year to have a bed of your own for poor sick children in heathen lands. Let us make haste to do this, for so many people die every day without any one to help them.

Many years ago in China I met with two old women; one was blind and the other was deaf. I am glad to say that the old blind woman was a Christian, and she is, I hope, happy now in heaven. But her blindness made her very sad, and if we had had doctors and hospitals earlier in China, perhaps her eyes might have been cured. One day she told me that she had had a dream. An angel came in her dream, and told her that she would be able to see when

INTERIOR OF GERTRUDE SMYTH MEMORIAL WARD, NINGPO.

THREE OLD WOMEN PATIENTS.
(*The one on the left was deaf, and the others nearly blind.*)

it was morning and the sun was shining. "How can this be true?" she said. "I can feel the sun warm on my face now, but I cannot see." I was able to comfort the dear old woman, and to tell her that when Jesus Christ comes, then she will be blind no longer, but will see Him as He is, and see the beautiful home in heaven. But the old deaf woman made me very sorry. She could not read at all; and no one

could make her hear a word about the Lord Jesus, she was so deaf. She was nearly ninety years old, and we seemed to have come too late. If doctors had been there sooner perhaps her deafness might have been cured, and the glad news of salvation would have been heard by her.

The missionary doctors have all kinds of people in their hospitals. Poor lepers come, and they have a house all to themselves, because it is such a dreadful disease, and, thank God, several of them have been taught by the Holy Spirit and have become earnest Christians. Poor opium-smokers come to be cured of that dreadful habit, and they, too, must have a separate house, into which they have to be locked for three or four days, lest they should run out and go back to their opium again.

Then twice a week in most hospitals they have what is called "out-patient" days, when crowds of people come, not quite ill enough to be taken inside and put to bed, but with all kinds of pains and aches and illnesses, sore eyes, or a swollen foot, or a burnt hand, or a bad cut, or fever, or headache, or toothache. There are so many women and men and children, that they

THREE LEPER CHILDREN.

have tickets, for which they pay a penny, and they are sent in to see the doctors one by one in the order of their tickets.

While they are waiting to go in, English and Chinese preachers talk to them about their souls and the way to Heaven. "Now listen," they say, "all you friends who have come here to-day. In a few minutes you will go in to see Dr. A. and Dr. B. They are very clever, and we hope will be able to make you better. But we want you (and the doctors themselves want you) to know about some One much greater and stronger than these clever doctors. Suppose one of you were dead, could Dr. A. or any other doctor make you live again?" "No, no," they reply; "that can

PEOPLE WITH ALL KINDS OF PAINS.

A HOSPITAL MISSION SERVICE.

never be done." "Well," says the preacher, "we come here to tell you about the Lord Jesus. He came down from heaven long, long ago, and lived here for thirty years.

"'He went about, He was so kind,
And cured poor people who were blind.'

"Yes, and deaf people, and dumb, and all kinds of diseases He cured, not by giving them medicine or taking care of them in a hospital, but by His word and the touch of His hand sometimes; and dead people, too, lived again, and came out of the grave when they heard His voice." "Oh, dear me!" says an old man, sitting on the form in front of the preacher, "that is wonderful. Why, He could not only heal the sick, but cure the dead! Wonderful! wonderful!" "But listen," says the preacher, "there is something more wonderful still! The Lord Jesus can not only heal the sick body and raise up the dead body, He can cure your sick

soul by His Holy Spirit, and save you from hell! Don't you all know that sin ***must*** be punished, and that if you do wrong you cannot go to heaven? Well, what did the Lord Jesus do? Why, He was punished instead of you. He died in your place, and by His Death and Resurrection you will live—yes, live for ever in heaven, if you believe in Him. Won't you all believe in this great Saviour, and love Him, and thank Him?" Then some little tracts are given to those who can read, and they go in to see the doctors, and carry home with them something better than the good

WHERE THE MEDICINE IS GIVEN OUT

medicine the doctors make up for them in bottles or in little packets—they take with them the good news of salvation.

One day a poor man came to my house with his wife. He wanted to know if I could help him. He had a very bad leg, which no Chinese doctor could cure, and he asked for some medicine to cure it. I sent for our kind doctor to look at it, and he said it was a very bad case, and he was afraid that the poor man would die. "He is sure to die if his leg is not cut off, and I am not sure that he will live if it *is* cut off." After thinking for some time, and talking to his wife about it, he said that he would trust the doctor and have the leg taken off. The next day two doctors came and cut it off.

We nursed the poor man for several days, and sometimes we were afraid he would die; but through God's mercy he recovered and got quite well, and the doctor made him a wooden leg, with which he could stump about quite fast. Before he left us he became a Christian and was baptized, and I hope he truly believed in the Lord Jesus. He gave me a present when he went home, to show how thankful he was for what had been done for him. The present was two long strips of red paper with these words on them:—

"Cut off the old, nail on the new.
My body seems to live again."

That is to say, "My old leg is gone, and I have this strong wooden leg to walk with, and I am almost like a person who is made over again"; and then he added:—

"Root out the false, and plant the true;
Eternal life my soul shall gain."

That is to say, "I give up all the false gods which I used to worship, and by the help of the Holy Spirit I will give up all my sins; and now I trust in the true doctrine of the Lord Jesus, Who will save me from hell and give me everlasting life in heaven."

CHAPTER VI.

A WALK IN THE STREETS.

AN OLD CHINAMAN.

WOULD you like to come with me now for a walk in the streets of a great Chinese city? I am telling you chiefly about China, because I have been there, and have lived in Chinese cities for many years, and I want to talk of what I have seen with my own eyes. We are going to speak to some Chinese men and women in their own houses, and if they will listen we shall tell

CHINESE SEDAN-CHAIRS.

A CHINESE STREET SCENE.

A MAN CARRYING WOOD.

them the "sweet story of old." We must walk rather a long way through the streets before we shall reach the houses in which our friends live.

Here we are now outside my garden door. There is a great deal of noise and bustle, but we cannot see a single omnibus, or cab, or carriage, and no horses prancing along. The streets are so narrow (see picture on page 43), and the roofs of the houses on either side are so close together, that I have seen a cat step across quite easily. Most of the people are walking, and those who want to ride must get sedan-chairs (see picture on page 42). You get inside and sit down, and a curtain is drawn down in front of your face if you want to be quiet and no one to stare at you. Two long poles are fastened to the sides of the chair,

with little cross-bars to join them together, and the two chair-bearers, one in front and one behind, put their shoulders under these bars and lift the chair and you inside it off the ground, and then they walk very fast through the crowded streets, and shout out to the people to get out of the way, or the long poles will knock them down. "Take care of yourself!" they say in a very loud voice. "Look out for a knock! Take care! Look out! Get out of the way!"

Now our chair meets another chair in a very narrow part of the street, and they shout louder than ever, for they can hardly pass. Behind us some men are waiting to go by, carrying buckets of water, or bundles of wood, or long poles of bamboo, or bags of rice, or strings of money. *Strings*

A MAN RESTING WITH HIS LOADS OF FOOD.

COUNTING CASH.

of money! Is not that funny? There are no shillings, and sixpences, and pennies, but little brass coins with a square hole in the middle, through which a long string is threaded; and one thousand of these little bits of money are tied together, and the man behind us is carrying twenty or thirty of these strings of cash, a very heavy load. Twenty cash go to a penny, so he has about four pounds' worth of money with him. If you could understand the Chinese language you would hear almost every one who passes you talking about money, and scarcely anything else. This is what the Chinese think of and try to gain every day and all day

A RIDE ON A WHEEL-BARROW.

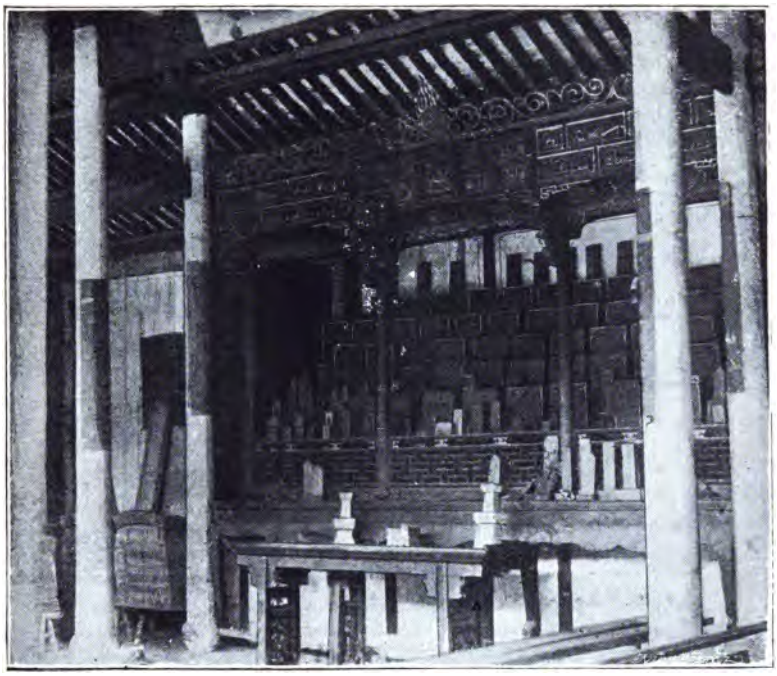
long. They know nothing about the "pearl of great price" which the Lord Jesus speaks of in His parable, and about the "treasure in heaven."

See, here comes a very strange kind of carriage. Why, it is a wheel-barrow! Not like our wheel-barrows, into which you can put potatoes, or weeds, or your big doll, perhaps, or even a baby brother. Chinese wheel-barrows have one large, high wheel, and two little narrow seats on each side of the wheel, and one man sits one side, one on the other, with their legs hanging down, and then the wheel-barrow man wheels them along through the street, and he, too, shouts and halloas to the people to get out of the way.

A CAKE-SHOP.

We are passing very many shops, but if you *will* ride in the sedan-chair and not walk with me in the street, you cannot see them all. Tailors I see, and shoemakers, and hatters, and bakers, and blacksmiths making such a noise with their hammers and the red-hot irons; and cake-shops, and fruit-shops. Then come two

A SHOEMAKER.



AN ANCESTRAL HALL, SHOWING TABLETS.

very sad shops—one is full of coffins, and the other full of red candles and gilt and silver strings of paper, which the Chinese buy. They take the candles to the temples to burn before the idols, and the strings of paper, which are meant to be like gold and silver money, they burn at the graves of their dead friends, and also in Ancestral Halls before tablets on which are written the names of their dead friends. The poor people think that when the paper is burnt and turns into smoke, those who are dead and gone into the other world can use the money. (See picture on page 50.) You see that they suppose even

ANCESTRAL WORSHIP (see page 49).

dead people want money, money, money, and nothing else. Yes, something else they try to send to them—a house, with tables, and chairs, and a bed, and a little pet dog, and sometimes even a piano. How can these things be sent after people who die and go away from us? Well, they make *paper* houses, and tables, and a paper dog, and so on; and then burn them all, and the smoke is supposed to go where the dead people are living.

Now we have reached the turning into the lane where our friends live, and I am glad to get out of the noisy streets, and to be able to tell the people who are waiting for us about the Lord Jesus Who has died for them, and Who will take away all fear of death if they believe in Him, and Who will give them something far better than gold and silver, in

THE GRAVE OF A RICH FAMILY.

COURTYARD OF A CHINESE HOUSE.

His happy home in heaven. Our friends welcome us so kindly, only I am sorry to say that the many yellow dogs in the lane and in the courtyard do not like us at all. They bark and growl and make such a noise that we can hardly make ourselves heard. But the people run out and drive the dogs away, and a Christian woman who has come with us has a big umbrella with which she frightens a dog which is coming up to bite our heels, and at last we get safely in, and sit down and begin to teach them the way of salvation.

Before we have had time, however, to say much there is a great bustle, for two or three women come carrying trays of tea. The tea-cups have no handles and there are no

saucers, but there are little covers to keep the tea hot. There is no milk and no sugar in the tea, and they put a pinch of leaves into each cup, and pour boiling water on the top. It is very hot, and we have to drink it very slowly.

But now we have done, and all is quiet, except for the baby who begins to cry, and some of the heathen neighbours who come in to see the English gentleman and

A CHINESE FAMILY GROUP.

lady, and want to know how old we are, how many children we have, why our noses are such a funny shape, and why we wear such odd hats and bonnets, and then they ask what kind of cloth our coats and jackets are made of.

We answer their questions in a word or two, and then they also sit still, and listen as we read from the Bible about God's great love to the world in sending His dear Son to die for us. The Chinese almost always welcome us into their houses to talk to them; and I hope that through the Holy Spirit's blessing our walk to-day has not been in vain.

Now we rise and say good-bye. "Slowly, slowly go," our friends say. "Take care as you go out at the door. Don't be afraid of the dogs. We will see to them." "Thank you for your hot tea," we reply; "we hope to meet again soon. We little ones turn our back on you. Please not to forget what we have been telling you."

A CHINESE BOY.

CHAPTER VII.

A WALK INTO THE COUNTRY.

OU must come with me now for a walk into the country, outside the high walls and great gates which shut in Chinese cities and make them very hot and close. But there is something to see as we walk along the streets on our way to the city gates. Here we pass Christian churches belonging to different Societies: Trinity Church, belonging to an American Mission; the Gospel Hall, belonging to the London Missionary Society, which was the first Society to send a Protestant missionary to China nearly ninety years ago; and here is Grace Church, and here the Church of Jesus, both belonging to the Church Missionary Society.

OUTSIDE THE CITY WALL.

But see, the door is open in a small house by the side of the street. This is one of our mission-rooms, and it is open every afternoon and evening for preaching to the people who pass by. Listen! can you not hear the sound of a harmonium, and a tune being played which you have often heard? Why! surely, it is the tune to "There is a happy land." Stand still a minute or two, and you will hear another tune; that is the tune to our dear hymn, "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide," and then, "Hark, my soul, it is the Lord." You can tell the tunes, but I am afraid you cannot understand the *words*, because the person

A MISSION BOOK-SHOP AND PREACHING-PLACE.

BRIDGE OVER A CREEK, SHANGHAI.

who is singing is using the *Chinese* words for these hymns which we know so well.

And who is it who is playing and singing? Step inside for a minute and see. It is a Chinese preacher, Mr. Dzing. He is sitting on a stool and playing the harmonium quite nicely. And what does he do it for? Watch him. How he looks round at the door of the chapel while he sings! He hopes that the people passing by in the street will hear the music and will stop to listen, and will come in and sit down, and then he will turn round and talk to them about the Lord Jesus.

See, there is *one* person already seated on a form. I saw him there yesterday. They tell me that he comes every day. He is quite a young man, a printer. He came in at first to laugh, but now he never laughs, only he smiles with

A CITY GATEWAY.

COUNTRY COTTAGES IN CHINA.

gladness because the Holy Spirit has taught him to understand the good news of salvation; and he wishes now to be a Christian, and is coming to see me next Saturday (it is Thursday to-day) to talk about his being baptized. But let me tell you what happened to that young man very soon after we saw him. He stayed talking to Mr. Dzing till five o'clock in the afternoon, and then he went back to his lodging in a Chinese inn, and at eight o'clock he was dead! He was taken ill, so they told me the next day, as soon as he reached the inn, with a dreadful disease called cholera, and he asked the people in the inn kindly to run round and ask Mr. Dzing to come and pray with him. "No, no!" they said; "we will not help a *Christian*." "Well, then," he said, "*please* to help me to kneel up in my bed, and pray myself to the Lord Jesus." "No!" the cruel people said

again. "No, no! we will not help you to do that." So he was left all alone to die! But the Holy Spirit helped him to pray and to trust, and surely the dear Lord Jesus received his soul and took him safe to heaven.

Now let us leave the preaching-place and go out to the fields. Here we are at the city gate, and now we pass beyond the crowded houses into the country. There are no roads in most parts of China with horses and carriages, and no such pretty green lanes as we have, their banks covered with primroses and sweet violets. We walk one in front of the other on little narrow paved paths, raised high above the fields; and the fields are not green with grass, or sweet with hay, or full of sheep and cows and horses. The

A RICE-FIELD.

A VIEW IN THE COUNTRY.

country we are walking through now is where they grow rice, and rice (which looks something like barley, only it hangs its head very low) grows in the water. So it will not do for you to run away from me, and jump down into the fields and skip about. Why, you would sink down deep into the mud and water, and lose your shoes and wet your socks.

But though it is not like green and happy England, yet the air is fresh and pleasant; and if you listen you can hear a blackbird singing, and doves cooing, and I can hear a cuckoo far off! And there is pretty bright clover, and small buttercups, and some wild violets, but not scented ones, by

A VILLAGE STREET.

the side of our path. Now we are coming to a village. How the dogs bark! and the people come out to look at us. They like very much to see English children, and they will be very kind to you. Don't be afraid. Look at that dear old man with two sticks watching us. I must go and speak to him.

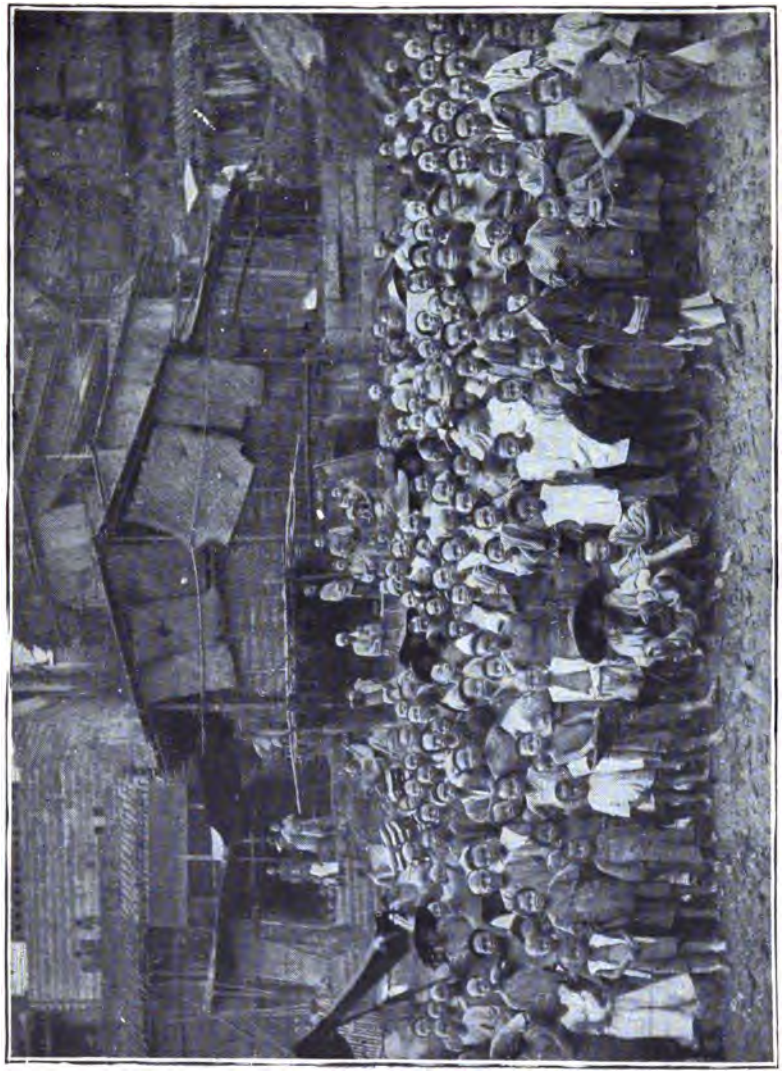
"Good evening, venerable grandfather! Have you had your evening rice?" (That is what *we* call our *tea*, only the Chinese drink tea all day long, and they have *rice* for breakfast and dinner and tea.)

"No," says the dear old man; "not yet."

"What is your honourable age, grandfather?"

"Oh! I am not very old," he says, smiling; "I am only *ninety!*"

"Ninety!" I shout out. "That *is* a great age. Can you live another ninety years?" The old man laughs, and says that is impossible.



A CROWD OF CHINESE IN A COUNTRY TOWN.

A YARD OUTSIDE A CHINESE HOUSE.

"Well," I say, "may I come into the yard and sit down, and talk to you for a few minutes about *everlasting* life?"

"Yes, *do* come," he replies. "Bring out chairs and tea," he shouts to his sons and to his grandsons and to the women in his house. Oh! how eagerly the old man listens while I read to him about the Lord Jesus: about His love in coming into the world, about His love in teaching the people, and in healing those who were ill, and in raising dead people from the grave, and then about His *great* love in dying for our sins. The dear old man accepts from me a little tract about the Gospel, with a prayer printed on it, and he tucks it up his sleeve and promises to use it every

day. Who do you suppose this old man is? Why, he is the husband of the old deaf woman whom I told you about a little time ago. Perhaps *he* will be able to make the old woman hear, though we could not make her hear a word; and I hope that we shall meet both of the old people in heaven, through God's mercy.

But now let us walk on and make haste, or we shall not get back into the city before the gates are shut in the evening, and it is very difficult sometimes to get the gate-keepers to open the gates when once they are shut, and it would never do to spend the night outside in the wet fields, would it?

A RIVER-SIDE VILLAGE.

Well, here we come to another village. How kind and friendly the people look, and they nod to us and smile, and ask us to come in and sit down. Suppose we *do* stop for a few minutes. But I must make haste and tell them *at once* about the Lord Jesus, or there will not be time. Do you see that old man who has brought a chair and put it down just in front of me? He puts his hand up to his ear to listen, because he is very deaf. Now watch him. He is listening *so* eagerly. I am telling him about sin, *his* sin; and about the Saviour, *his* Saviour. And see, he claps his hands for joy, and almost shouts, "That *is* good news!

A TALK BY THE WAYSIDE.

ON THE BANKS OF A RIVER.

Why, I could never hear anything like that in all the idol temples I have been to. I *do* believe in Jesus. I *will* be a Christian." And then some one tells me—why, it is the old man's own sister—that he has been a very bad man, getting very angry and quarrelling, and using bad words. We are sorry to hear this, and we tell the old man that the Lord Jesus will not only forgive his sins, but will give him strength, by the Holy Spirit's help, to be gentle and holy, and to use no more bad words. Well! it was a hard fight for the old man, but he conquered at last through God's grace, and became a happy Christian, and was baptized by the name of Simeon, and then he did all he could to bring others to love the Lord Jesus, and he died at last trusting in the Saviour, and I hope to meet him, too, in heaven.

But now we must say good-bye to old Simeon and all the kind people, and walk fast, and get into the city before it is quite dark. You will be quite hungry when you get home, but tea is ready, and then, after prayers, you will have your ***own*** prayer, and ask God to bless the poor people whom we have seen and talked to to-day, and to bless those who enter the churches and mission-rooms and schools which we have seen. "Thy kingdom come! Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven."

ALONG A COUNTRY ROAD.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHAT CAN WE DO?

BEFORE I have quite done talking to you I want you to remember two things. I am afraid that some of you will perhaps say, "I am only a little boy, or a little girl, and *I* cannot do anything to help the poor Heathen, and I cannot 'go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature,' as the Lord Jesus told His disciples to do." Well, but remember this—the Lord Jesus Christ Himself, the Great Missionary,

> ". . Once on Mother's knee
> Was a little child like me."

And all who have tried to follow Him and to obey His great commandment were once little boys and little girls. Think of Saint Paul as a little tiny boy, and Saint Peter, too! And the missionaries of these later days: Schwartz, and Henry Martyn, and Carey, and Morrison, and Judson, and Mrs. Judson, too; and John Paton, with his wonderful work in the South Sea Islands; and Bishop Patteson and Bishop Hannington, those noble martyr-bishops; and

THE REV. HENRY MARTYN.

Bishop Horden, and Bishop French; and Mackay, and A. L. O. E., that noble Christian lady, who died in her old age in India,—all these were once on a time little boys or little girls like you.

Will you not give your hearts *now* to God? and ask Him to take care of you, and teach you by His Holy Spirit? and then, when you grow up to be men and women, send you out as His true missionaries into the dark world?

But there is one thing more which I want you to remember. It is this: that you may be little missionaries now! You can try *to-day* to please the Lord Jesus, and to serve Him, and that is like being little missionaries, is it not? You can help other children by being gentle, and truthful, and unselfish, and pure, and kind. That is called *example*, and it is one way of being missionaries. You can help other boys and girls sometimes by telling them about the Lord Jesus and His love, if they do not know about Him or have forgotten.

BISHOP HANNINGTON.

And you can help the missionaries who go out in the great steamers to India, and

BISHOP HORDEN.

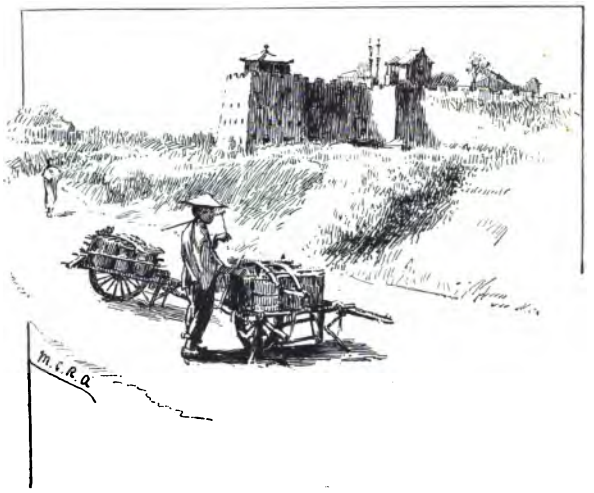
BISHOP FRENCH.

Africa, and China, and to other lands, by praying for them in your *own* prayers every day, and by asking God to take care of the Christian Indians and Africans and Persians and others in heathen lands, that they may *go on* being Christians. Then you can have missionary boxes, to collect money to help to send out missionaries, and put in your *own* money sometimes, instead of spending it all on your own pleasure; and if you *sow* it in these boxes it will bring a harvest to God's glory and you can also ask your friends or visitors to put something in and help *sow*. Then you can perhaps join the *Sowers'* *Band;* such a happy band it is of children, who meet

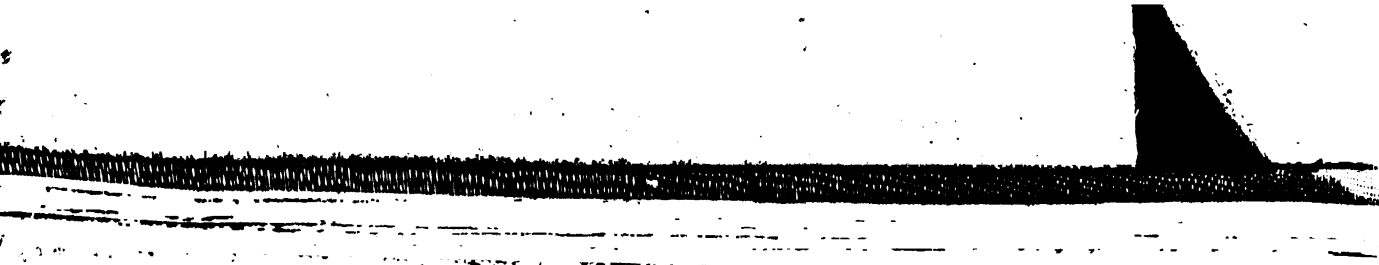
MR. A. M. MACKAY.

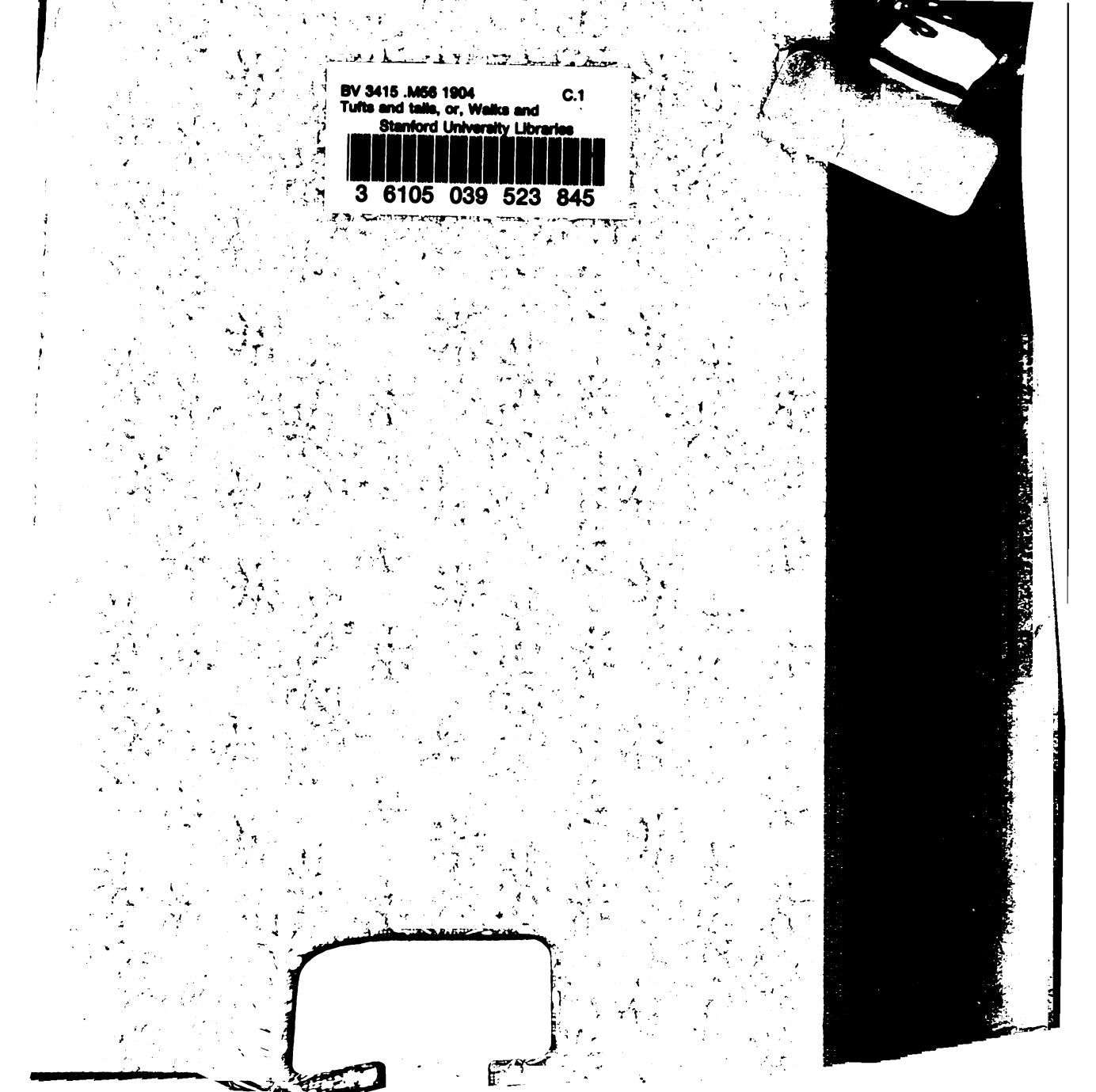
together to hear nice books read about missionary work, like *The Round World*, or *Subjects of the Shah*, and who work at home to send out parcels to the missionaries far away. Boys make scrap books, and knit warm comforters or gloves; and girls dress dolls, to be given to children in the mission-schools in Africa or China or India or Japan, or they make work-bags and other things.

So that you need not sigh, dear children, and say, "*I* cannot be a missionary, *I* cannot do anything to help the great work!" Only ask the Holy Spirit to shed abroad the love of the Lord Jesus in your hearts, and then say, "Here am I, Lord Jesus, send me."



GILBERT AND RIVINGTON LD., ST. JOHN'S HOUSE, CLERKENWELL, LONDON.

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